

1977

# THE JOURNAL

Thank-you Marvin Mandell for the words  
of experience.

And also to Suzanne Roquemore for her  
indebted devotion.

This year we have taken a turn toward  
the creative, so to speak. We have employed  
various new techniques to the innovative  
descendant of the Curry Arts Journal. Hope-  
fully we have provided a solid artistic  
foundation from which we can add steadily  
and consistently.

Sincerely,

John D. DeJesu

"Anyone can make a yellow ball out  
of a sun," Picasso is reported to have  
said; "but to take a yellow ball and  
make a sun out of it -- that is art."  
I believe that art should magnify his  
language. In this age of dehumanization  
--- of joylessness, of anomie, of alien-  
ation -- art's purpose of celebrating  
life is crucial, perhaps sacred. The  
artist should not abdicate this calling.  
He should strive to show death-in-life  
without becoming dead himself or allow-  
ing his language to become so. He should  
also at least suggest the vital beneath  
the mask. "God has showed me a fair  
city," Villon wrote; surely that city  
is as real as the world we find our-  
selves in.

Marvin Mandell

Through ups and downs  
we run around  
trying to be stable  
Through desperate rooms  
of ins and outs  
we search  
not to find the answers  
but the problems.

Jane E. Furey

Quickly drifting thoughts,  
Smooth, transparent relics of a  
solid moment -  
Now broken  
Scattered  
On the drifts of time...

cah

The song of a thousand is the sound of one,  
The lifting of heart and voice and tongue  
Together - in perfect unison sing;  
Oh, music is indeed a wonderful thing.

Pattie Platz

The blood is still rolling off my  
flak jacket from the hole in my shoulder  
and there are bullets cracking into the  
sand all around me. I keep trying to  
move my legs, but I cannot feel them.

"Oh, get me out of here, get me out  
of here, please help me. Oh, God, oh,  
Jesus!"

I try to breathe, but it is dif-  
ficult. I have to get out of this place,  
make it out of here somehow.

Someone shouts from my left now,  
screaming for me to get up. Again and  
again he screams, but I am trapped in  
the sand.

"Is there a corpsman?" I cry. "Can  
you get a corpsman?"

There is a loud crack and I hear him  
begin to sob. "They've shot my fucking  
finger off! Let's go, Sarge! Let's get  
outta here!"

I can't move; I gasp, "I can't move  
my legs! I can't feel anything. I watch  
him go running back to the tree line.

"Sarge, are you all right?" Some-  
one else is calling to me now and I try  
to turn around. Again there is the sud-  
den crack of a bullet and a boy's voice  
crying.

"Oh, Jesus! Oh Jesus Christ! I hear his body fall in back of me.

I think he must be dead, but I feel nothing for him; I just want to live. I feel nothing.

And now I hear another man coming up from behind, trying to save me.

"Get outta here!" I scream. "Get the fuck outta here!"

A tall black man with long skinny arms and enormous hands picks me up and throws me over his shoulder as bullets begin cracking over our heads like strings of firecrackers. Again and again they crack as the sky swirls around me. And the rounds keep cracking and the sky and the sun on my face, and my body all gone, all twisted up gangling like a puppet's diving again and again into the sand, up and down, calling and cursing, gasping for breath. Goddamn, goddamn.

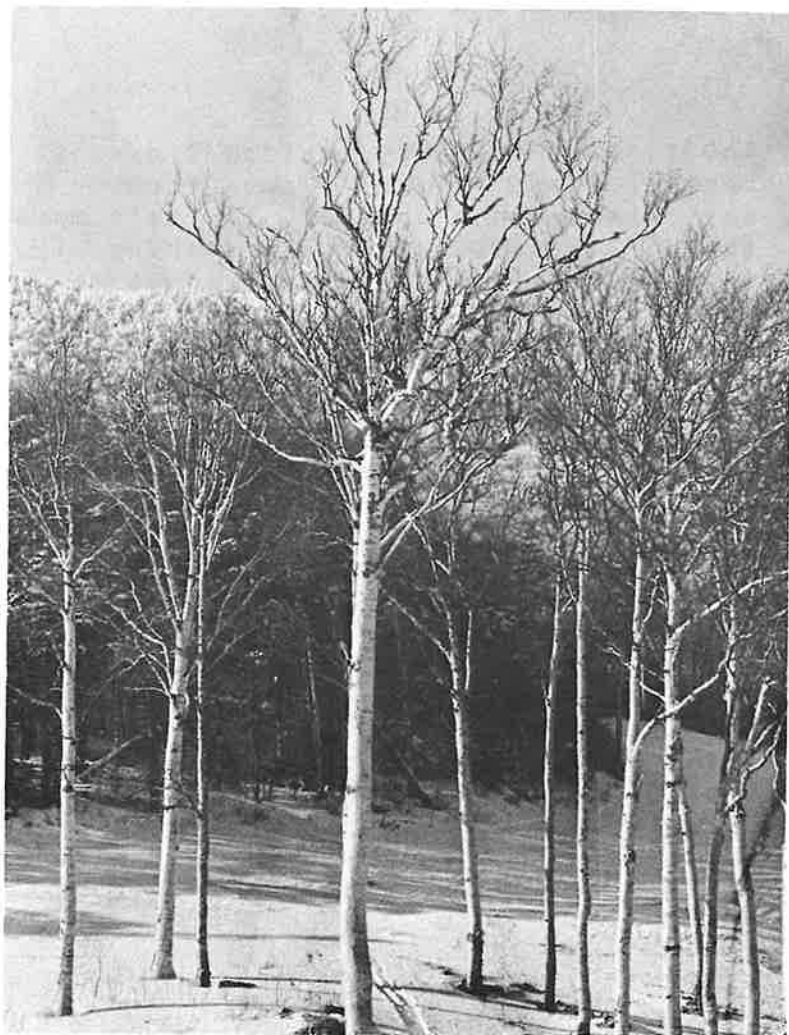
And finally I am dragged into a hole in the sand with the bottom of my body that can no longer feel twisted and bent underneath me. The black man runs from the hole without ever saying a thing. The only thing I can think of, the only thing that crosses my mind is living.

The attack is lifted. They are carrying me out of the hole now two, three, four men quickly. They are strapping me to a stretcher. My legs dangle off

the sides until they realize I cannot control them. "I can't move them." I say, almost in a whisper. I can't move them. I'm still carefully sucking air, trying to calm myself, trying not to get excited, not to panic. I want to live. I keep telling myself, take it slow now, as they strap my legs to the stretcher and carry my wounded body into an amtrac packed with other wounded men. The steel trap door of the amtrac slowly closes as we begin to move to the northern bank across the river to the battalion area.

Men are screaming all around me. "Oh, God, get me out of here! Please help!" They scream. Oh, Jesus, like little children now, not like Marines, not like the posters, not like that day in high school; this is for real. "Mother!" screams a man without a face. "Oh, I don't want to die!" screams a young boy cupping his intestines with his hands. "Oh, please, oh, no, God, oh, help! Mother!" he screams again.

Greg Gerard



Ken Vaccaro

### Winter has Arrived

As the unimaginable shapes began to take form on the arms of mother nature, it reflected an image of a paradise in Heaven. The tiny, intricate shapes fluttered softly to the ground leaving an icing of pureness every-where while each exposed fragment upon the earth's surface glittered incessantly.

A.J.U.

### There Were Children

He was in the mirrow today  
again,  
just as a thousand times before.  
Only now he's creased,  
and cracked,  
from years of hard worn sun,  
and laughter.

Time has been taking this life  
and the price of a new life  
is the age of an old one.  
This is the paradox of life.

The old ones laugh  
with children in their eyes

and becoming new  
is becoming old...

will you be a child?

Kevin John Janet

A tree sways in pain  
as the cold sharp wind  
turns its sap to ice  
its leaves to dirt,  
and its limbs to death.

Laurie Jenks

"Well what a coincidence. That's where we're headed, too! Jump in." She threw her pack in the back and slid across the seat between Terry and me.

Evening's amber glow faded into blackness as night fell upon the mountainous region of northern Utah. The drive, we decided, was too burdensome for any of us to continue. It was apparent we would bed down in the nearest alcove off of the main highway. It was on this breezy, Utah evening that my loneliness had subsided, for the mysterious blonde that had ventured into my life so surprisingly was to share my sleeping bag with me that night.

The days that followed were spent continually laughing. It seems that all I wanted to do was spread my jovial attitude into the hearts and minds of my comrades. We were brothers and sister now, and it was Terry who had mentioned to me that our adoption of the lost maiden was an asset to our team. We were now a trio.

Several days had passed and we found ourselves riding the border of Idaho and Nevada. The golden princess, as I justly referred to her, shared many of her deepest feelings with me. Amazingly enough, she too had been keeping a log of her journey that summer. We compared notes as well as style. We were so alike, yet so drastically different at the same time. She, frequently

lapsing off into somber moods of contemplation, while Terry and I chuckled non-stop, bouncing off each other like two drunks in need of each other's support. Like two ships heading for a whirlpool, the princess and I were closing in on each other.

Bonney seemed to be immortal as our desire to reach our destination. She ran incessantly, as the radio repeated itself in the same manner for days on end.

The radio had predicted heavy rain for the Northwest tip of Nevada that night, so we had unanimously voted to stop at the next campsite before we were forced to spend the night in the car. We were lucky enough to be only several miles from a Nevada state game and trail reserve. We pitched our tents in a grassy clearing among the trees; Terry in one tent, the princess and I in the other.

The fervent passion manifested that night served only as a distracting prelude to the collision that followed. As we lay still in the odor of our own juices and sweat, the princess slowly began to display herself as a massive offense capable of clearly eroding my character with her subtle magnificence. The blonde princess lashed out what was eating up inside her for quite sometime. That night her offense seemed amplified.

"You're not real, Andy. I see in

you a very sensitive, intelligent, and understanding person. But your emotions are being bypassed and even forgotten by your ability to make everything a joke. You aren't capable of expressing your true emotions because you are too busy disguising them."

She had let out in several striking blows what she honestly felt. The pain I experienced was unbearable. The stinging slices inflicted were only intensified by her attempt to take them back. Like an innocent fish, I had been snagged only to experience more pain when the barbed hook was retracted. I writhed, and protested the unjust agony.

"You storm into my life like some witch, and now you take the liberty of condemning me for behaving as I please."

"I simply don't think you can deal with your emotions," she cried forgivingly.

"You fucked up this time, lady, you did it again," I shouted in an attempt to inflict equal pain upon her.

"I'm sorry, Andy. I'm terribly sorry," she pleaded.

She said what she felt and I defended myself. Nothing was resolved that night except for the fact that we were more vulnerable than we had thought.

We left Northwest Nevada the next morning, leaving the golden princess behind. It was just Terry and me now; the trio had disbanded without any final words. Down the highway we barrelled, leaving the mountains behind, only to memory.

John D. De Jesu





Ken Vaccaro

### So They Say

As I gaze outside my window and notice  
the trees and start  
to dream  
A world full of green  
Green so they were the leaves that turned  
Spinning, turning and thus developing  
Whistle if you will  
Call the hunter  
The tall oak bowed in courtesy as if to  
say why me?  
Its leaves began to turn red in anger  
as an apple dangling from a stem.  
The branch started to weaken like a twig  
stuck in a patch of mud.

Slowly falling and sinking deeper into  
anger  
The black-winged bird sang softly.  
Little did he understand his own funeral  
song.  
Aiming he shot and hit.  
Sing bird sing - songs of sweetness  
Hear me  
Leaves started falling, falling, falling  
Reach out and feel  
Oh, but look at his beautiful feathers  
upon that tree  
But, somehow the hunter could not see,  
no he could not see-

Diane Catinella

Life

What is it we are striving for?...

Ourselves?. or others?

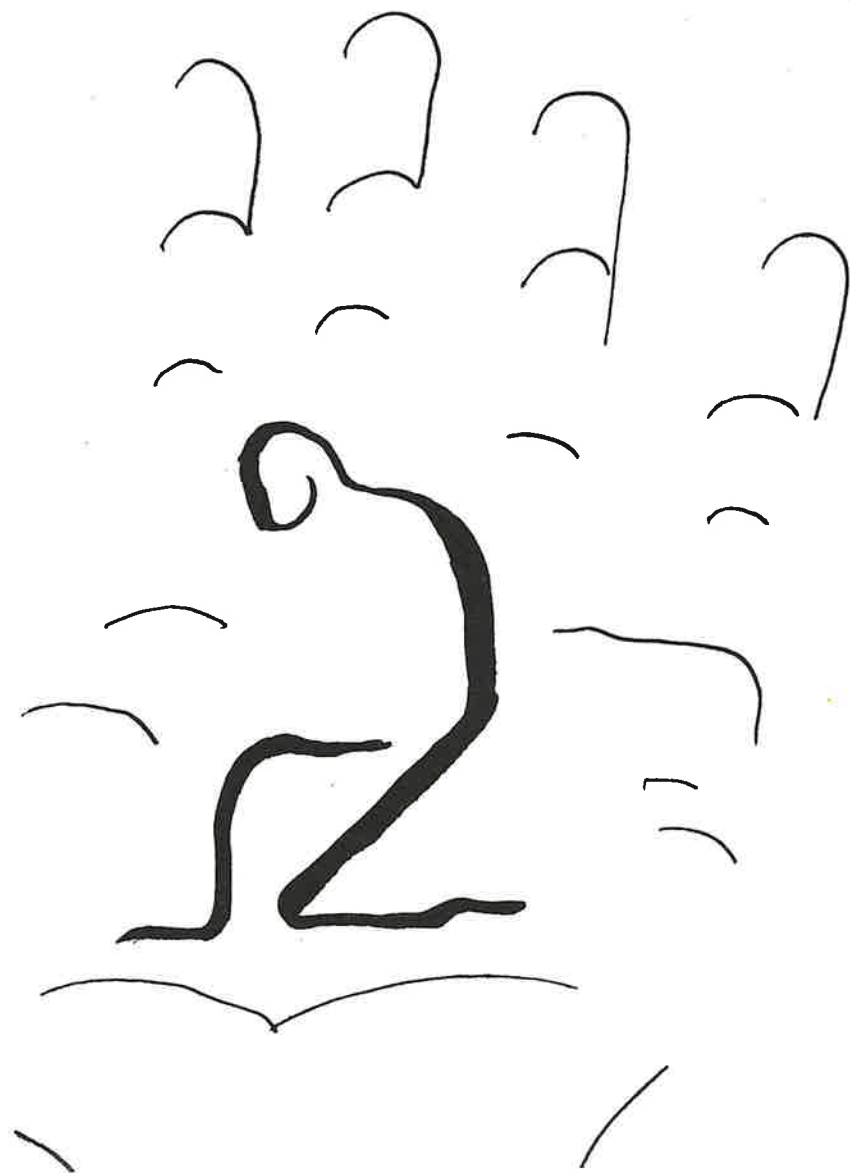
Am I living for you...or for me?

I'm slowly being conditioned to live  
for you-

Why?...

Abbie Andrew





Kitty Richards

"If I could save time in a bottle, the first thing that..." The record was cut short and the room was filled with silence. She looked up slowly at the man standing beside her. She thought how funny it was that they wouldn't leave her alone even for a minute.

"Let's go," he whispered, "It's time to go to bed, it's late."

She shook her head. He just couldn't understand. No one could. And she never tried to explain it anymore. There was no use. Why should she bother. They still had life, so why let them know what it can do to them. While they had life, they had a chance. Her life was gone; her chance taken.

He put his hand on her arm. "Please" he said Please? That almost made her laugh. Why should that word make any difference to her. She was dead. She once had a teacher of philosophy that said that once you lost the ability to love you lost the ability to live. He was right; as far as she was concerned anyway.

She wanted the man to leave her alone, but she knew that he could not. He had to take her to her room and would persist until she allowed him to do so. She looked up at his face. He looked good in white. For a minute she almost wanted to tell him so, but she didn't.

She almost felt sorry for him. How depressing it must be to work with the nonexistent. Or perhaps that was the wrong term. She did exist physically.

They walked down the corridor toward her room. She almost wanted to warn him. He was too good, too naive to be killed the way she had been. He must never let himself love a murderer. For a moment she felt a tear on it's way, but it never came.

Mary Hastings

It was about two o'clock in the morning. I was having trouble sleeping. My wife was having no problem because I could see she was sleeping soundly. I got up out of bed and went in to check on the kids. They were also sleeping away. I went back to the room and put my robe and slippers on and walked downstairs. I went to the bar and poured myself a shot of Seagrams. It burned as it went down. I went back upstairs and lay down beside my wife and must have fallen asleep very quickly.

I was dreaming when I felt an elbow in my side. I woke up with a start. "What, what is it," I said with a touch of anger in my voice.

"There is someone downstairs. Listen," she whispered.

"Oh, go back to sleep. You must be dreaming."

She persisted and I got out of bed to see if one of the kids was roaming around downstairs. They were both tucked away and I could suddenly hear my heart beating a little faster because I heard some noises also.

My wife was up now and she insisted I go downstairs. I felt my adrenalin running throughout my body. I could hear very loudly now the bumping and thumping of the intruder.

I hustled back to our room and picked up the phone to dial the police.

"Get the gun, my wife insisted, as she pushed me over to the bureau.

"Wait a minute. Let me call the cops."

"There's no time! Get the gun!" My wife was frantic. She pulled the phone out of my hand.

"I don't think it's even loaded. Let me call the cops."

My wife was demanding, almost screaming now. "If you don't get that gun, I will. Don't be a coward. Get that gun."

I stalked over to the bureau and found the thirty-eight underneath my socks. She pushed me down the hall to the stairs. I could see the intruder's flashlight shining in the livingroom.

We got to the middle of the stairs, my wife holding on to my shoulder, when I found myself staring down at the man. He had our portable television cradled in his arms.

"Get him. Get him." my wife yelled. What seemed like hours was only a matter of seconds. In the darkness I could see the explosion and the man fell.

"You got him. You got him." She was hysterical almost laughing.

We ran down the stairs. I immediately phoned the police. I slowly walked over to my prey and turned him over. My wife gasped. He had a grotesque hole in his face. Where his nose had been, there was nothing now. Blood was all over my hands. I had blown his face away.

The police came very quickly. As I sat on the couch with my head in my hands I was subjected to a series of questions for which I had no answers.

My wife kept repeating, "He protected us. We are alive today because of him." She was beaming.

The police told me that the man was seventeen years old, at least that is what it said on his drivers license. They also told me he didn't have a gun.

"But he was stealing our TV. My husband saved our lives."

Jeff Lowe



Kevin Janet

Light Within The Darkness

In the woods that night,  
    dogs barked,  
and just as before  
    they nipped at strangers  
        whose journeys have been lost.  
alone,  
    the train cried  
its loneful tune,  
    calling back memories

        of an ancient life,  
it was in harmony  
        with that old coal town  
as it wasted  
        its life away.  
And we children  
with mountains of shale  
and grime under foot,  
bent young birch trees  
to the ground  
holding on,  
we were flying cosmic arches  
                through the sky.  
and now I am only one  
whose heart still remembers....  
the haggard old people  
with journeys that are lost,  
set in the mountains  
up there in the north.  
those dogs and trains  
as they called forth

those haggard old people  
up there in the north.

Kevin J. Janet

Friday the Thirteenth

The cow's milk is sour  
and the eggs are few;  
the sky is dark and cloudy  
unlike the familiar blue.  
Her baby is crying-  
to much to bear,  
and her curlers and  
bobby-pins don't do  
much for her hair.  
She knows nothing to do,  
but to go back to bed;  
it seems such a pity-  
it's all in her head.

Laurie Jenks

To soar like a bird  
would be my dream.  
To touch the clouds  
all puffy like steam.  
To sway in the breeze  
and just glide along.  
To stare into silence  
while the birds sing  
their song.

A.J.U.

I feel empty and isolated  
and I blame you  
out of love  
and all we've been through.

I wish everything would stop  
and let me off  
for a while  
and you wouldn't matter.

I could think  
and for once  
I wouldn't care  
about things  
and life  
and you.

Jane E. Furey

Seems like I've been hidden away in the confines of my room since I came here. It's self inflicted though; winters have iced my temperment and froze my eyes to tears for too long. So now I choose to avoid winter. I've always disliked it, and I have the notion that the feeling is mutual.

Sometimes, when my mood is right, winter and I are like brother and sister. Especially after a blizzard has enveloped everything in pure white radiance. I like to sink my feet deep into the glittered powder, and fill my lungs with deep breaths of frosted air. There's nothing quite like that feeling, 'cause it just doesn't refresh the body, it refreshes the soul as well. All the way down.

That was before I came here, and it's really quite a pity that I did. It was unavoidable, that I know for sure; but I wish I could be back in my old town, just for the way it feels to be there. It was sort of like something that Charles Dickens might have written about.

I can remember all the times I'd plod knee deep in the snow and ice to get to my friends house. I had the desperation of a starving Aborigine by the time I got to the door, but it always took forever for someone to answer my knocks. Winters last chill is always the most triumphant.

When I got in the misery of the cold was easily forgotten as my senses were bombarded by a warmth that existed not only in their oil-heat but their hearts as well. My friends mother (who was always baking delights that made me swoon) would fix me up with pots of tea and home-made bread.

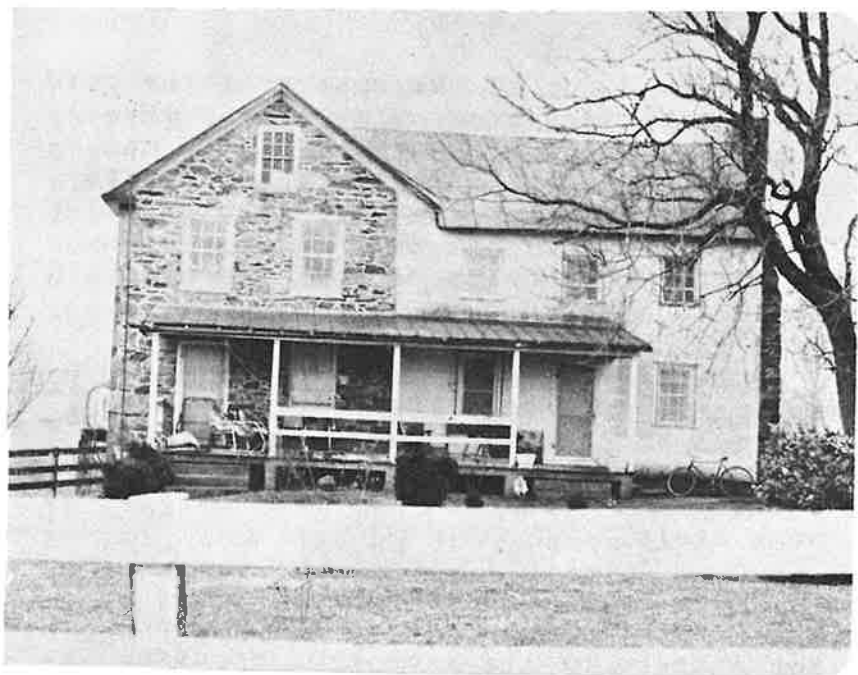
My friend and I would allow ourselves so much spoiling before we'd leave. We'd abandon ourselves to the cold and the road, fire our spirits with whiskey and laughter, and somehow stumble home again.

Yet here I am, bleakly staring out the window into an even bleaker road. Not a trace of the same kind of atmosphere exists. The character was either misplaced or forgotten when who or what built this place. Maybe it would be nice if I was ten or something, you're usually not too picky at ten. Everything is touched by magic of your own making. With that kind of power, nothing can be wrong - only magic.

But alas, I'm not ten, and my magical powers were stolen by the witchery of time. So time curses me to this forsaken place and forces me to wait for winter's spell to end.

Christine Sullivan





Kevin Janet

This House is not a Home

This house is not a home,  
the dog has died  
the children all have gone.  
The t.v.'s never used  
the dishes never done.  
The rooms are all dark  
and the silence echoes.  
And upstairs in their rooms

their toys gather dust,  
while in the cellar  
the washer isn't used half is much.  
The mail comes every day,  
with nothing new to say.  
The weekends come and go  
but who keeps track today.  
The idle chair just set aside,  
the piano never played  
the old floor boards creek occasionally  
but no one takes notice anyway.  
The outside light is no longer used  
the driveway always bare,  
this house is not a home  
but who is left to care.

Laurie Jenks

I said "Hello" to the sun this  
morning and,  
as if in answer, it shone brightly  
for me all day long.

Patti Platz

eyes

Longing

melting

wanting

closer

closer

mouth

lips

sweet hot breath

teeth

tongue

mouth

lingering

warm

wet

mouth

Kiss

Patti Platz



Ruth Burack

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